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The EXAMINER.

From Friday October 9, to Monday October 12, 1713.

Λῦχνε σβεννυμένοιο χ᾽ ὁλυμένοιο Λεάνδρυ. Musæus.

Humida ſulphureo prælabitur orbita dorſo. Claudian.

To his much Eſteemed Friend Mr. Jacob Kit-Cat, *Bookſeller*, John Smith, *Corn-cutter and Operator for the Toes, ſendeth greeting.*

'BE not ſurpriz'd, Dear *Cob*, with the Bounce 'of a Little *Greek* and *Latin*, let off in 'your Preſence upon my firſt Salutation: 'I aſſure you my *Mottos* have no other 'meaning than to make as pretty a Figure 'and ſomewhat a greater Noiſe, than *Delenda eſt Carthago*: For, according to a modiſh Precedent, I am to 'ſay nothing to you in what follows, that ſhall bear the 'leaſt Relation to thoſe learned Fragments. I have lately 'read, *That it is a natural Infirmity to aim at what we are 'leaſt fit*; and this, for all I know, may be as good 'Senſe as *Engliſh*; but I hope no ſuch Imputation will 'affect me, if I draw my *Pen* in Company with my 'Knife, and lop off an Excreſcence in a Friend, that is 'gotten ſomewhat higher than the *Toes*. I am not *endeavouring out of my Character*, but reſolve to aſſert and 'maintain it: My Propetty is invaded, and therefore 'permit one Mechanick to complain of it to another.

'In the Days of *Bickerſtaffe*, and for ſome time after, you know how Matters ſtood in our little Society: There were *your Self*, *your Author*, the *Upholſterer*, and *your Humble Servant*; Mr. *Buckley* of *Little-Britain*, Mr. *Howell* of *Sheer-lane*, Mr. *Sly* of *Devereux-Court*, Mr. *Lilly* of *Beauford-Buildings*, Mr. *Longbottom* of *Charing-Croſs*, and Mr. *Elderton*, late of *Tuttle-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*. *Burton* was then only a *Candidate*, and drank ſometimes with the *Returning Officer*. At the *Trumpet*, the *Griffin*, or the Cellar near the *Maypole*, where-ever we met, each Man knew his Office: Politicks belong'd entirely to *me* and the *Upholſterer*; for if you remember, *your Author* for offering once to ſet Matters upon a *Right Foot* between *Hanno* and *Hannabal*, was *Voted* an Invader of the Rights and Privileges of the *Upholſterer* and *Corn-cutter*. But upon the Diſſolution of our Commonwealth, after the Death of our great Founder, and the Loſs of ſeveral worthy Members, you betook your ſelf to a cloſe Attendance upon the *Kit-Cats*; I and the *Upholſterer* retir'd to the Bench and Parade in the *Park*, not doubting but *your Author* would finiſh his rough Draught of the *Election* at *Goatham*, according to Agreement with Mr. *Rich*, or open his *School* for teaching the *Engliſh* Tongue; leaving the Words, *Dunkirk*, *Memorial*, *Demolition*, *Sieur* and *Equivalent*, to the entire diſpoſal of *my ſelf* and *Partner*: But, Sir! to our great Surprize, we ſoon heard of the Journey to *Stockbridge*; after that of his ſeducing Mr. *Roper* into a Pun; and before our Wonder was over, out comes a *Letter* to Mr. *Snow*, Printed on purpoſe that Mr. *Bailiff* might hear it read by his Neighbours. At laſt, as if he were bewitch'd with Politicks and paſt all Grace, he turns ſhort upon the *Examiner*, and does not ſtick to tell him, *that he is now a Parliament-man*. Theſe Proceedings alarm'd both the good *Upholſterer* and *my ſelf*: We thought it became our Station to Interpoſe: As for you, *Cob*, Forbearance is the old Vertue, for which you are Conſpicuous; and yet ſince he took upon him the Name of *Engliſhman*, an aſſum'd Name as well as that of *Spec* and *Bickerſtaffe*, and not to be found in the *Regiſter* of *Carrickfergus*; ſince he was Naturaliz'd by Mr. *Ironſide*, and has chang'd his *Six merry Papers* a Week into *Three very graves ones*, I am glad to hear, that he is fallen under your Diſpleaſure, and that you would not ſuffer him to *Reſign*, but very prudently turn'd him out of your Service.

'You ſee then the Neceſſity of my oppoſing him: He has Uſurp'd my Office; and not content with that, is now ſetting up to teach a whole *Borough* to be as good 'Politicians as himſelf. But ſtill conſidering *your Author* 'as my old Acquaintance, I would mix a little Clemency with my Reſentments. I deſire to ſave him from 'the *Examiner*: That Fellow and the *Whigs* will certainly prove his Ruin. He does not write fair: He 'ſhould Reaſon, as the *Whigs* do, that People may Anſwer him: *Your Author* can ſet him an Example. But inſtead of this, he lays about him at ſuch a rate, that *your Author*, like his late Lion, Roars inſtead of Replying. He calls *Rogue* and *Raſcal* at full length: tho' the *Examiner* ought to bear the Blame of it, for he 'ſhould not have provok'd him in ſuch a manner; *Naturaliſts* ſay, if you whip the tameſt Animals too hard, the Foam that comes from them will turn to Poiſon. *Your Author* is ſo far tranſported, as to couple the words *Rogue* and *Raſcal* with the word *Lord*: But ſome Men *write*, as they *dream*, from the Reſemblance and Rehearſal of Yeſterday's Company and Converſation. *Your Author* had read a Paſſage in a former *Examiner*, Vol. II. in Anſwer to the *Medley*; wherein he Reprimands the Writer of the *Letters to a Tory Member*, for ſuffering his Man to pen a *Poſtſcript* for him; and demands, that he be turn'd off for his Saucineſs: *Your Author*, who cannot yet forbear being oblig'd to the *Examiner*, as a Wit, picks up this notable Hint, and writes a whole *Letter* upon it; whereas the firſt Proprietor of that ſmall Jeſt little thought that what gave ſome Luſtre to a *ſingle Period*, would ever be Wire-drawn far enough, to furniſh out *Three* whole Tinſel Pages. If *your Author* ſteals any more *Wit*, I will tell Lord *Quarles*; and if ever he boaſts of his Morals again, do you complain to Lord *Verres*.

'What Names the *Examiner* has call'd *your Author*, are contain'd in the following dreadful Catalogue —— *He is a*—— *Theſe Outrages*, ſays your Author, *he could never learn at any Place in* England *but One*: But in Anſwer to this, your Author ſets down *Rogue* and *Raſcal*, every Letter and Syllable; Names deteſted by us *Corn-cutters*; tho' it is poſſible he might learn them at more Places than One; for we have often told him of his keeping bad Company; and by repeating his Leſſon, he takes care to let us know, that he has got it by Heart.

'After all, I wonder where the Jeſt is of Anſwering a Nameleſs Paper, by falling foul on a *Lord*. Which looks like gueſſing at the *Patron*, by not knowing the Author. Suppoſe the *Examiner*, like a *Volume* of the *Spectators*, were really Dedicated to a *Duke*; would the Book be the worſe, or any Part of it, as for inſtance the *honeſt Character* of Sir *Roger*, becauſe the Dedication was Flattery, and might be Confuted out of the *Proceedings of the Commiſſioners of Accounts*, and *Journal* of the *Houſe of Commons*?

'Sir! I will lay the utmoſt Streſs upon *your Author's* Arguments. *There is perhaps a Lord, who Writhes his Head, and Nods*: And there may be *another Lord*, who would be glad to make thoſe agreeable Motions a Year or two hence. *There is perhaps a Lord, who makes his Domeſticks laugh*: And there may be *another Lord*, who can make all Mankind laugh. *There is perhaps a Lord, who is a ſad merry Fellow*; which, by the way, is *grievous good Satyr*: And there may be *another Lord*, who has made many a *ſad merry Fellow* beſides himſelf. *There is perhaps a Lord, who keeps a Librarian, and lends out good Books*; tho' your Author does by no means write, as if he had ever been in that Intereſt: And there may be *another Lord*, who borrows at the Shops, and yet ſuffers his Books to be better acquainted with their Shelves, than with his Friends or himſelf. But how does all this Anſwer the *Examiner*? Tell me, dear *Cob*, what do the *Kit-Cats* ſay to this extra-

ordinary Method of Reason and Rallery? Has it yet past under their Standard? You familiar Creatures, who are well with *Blue* and *Green Ribbons*, cannot forbear hawling in a *Lord* upon all Occasions; not for the Entertainment of the Company you are in, but to let us know where you were last. The World is sensible, as well as you and I, that the *Examiner* describes *some Lords* by their Actions, whose Faces, for all that we can tell, he may be an utter Stranger to; and perhaps the Picture is so Like, it does not displease them: But *your Author's Lords* will not bear such Treatment: He may make a *Face* or Two for them, and tell how they *Nod* and *Frown*, and *writhe their Heads*, and *collect their Brows*; but he must go no deeper: *Kneller* won their Hearts the same way: Had he drawn their *Actions*, you, dear *Cob*, would hardly have admitted those *Pieces* into your *Gallery*.

'*Your Author* goes on to make more Mirth with the *Creation* of the *new Peers*, than his Party can have occasion for at present; but he will not suffer his *noble Lord* to partake of it. *I heartily wish*, says he, *this Business may never interrupt* your Lordship's *Mirth*. Courtiers will sometimes run into the obscure Vein; but a plain Man must say no more to it than this; if any Lord has done ill by *Increasing the Number of Peers*, let him take the usual Methods by Law to *Diminish them*.

'*Your Author* refines upon his Notion of Gratitude: He now owns, *He has received so much from* Her Majesty's *Favour*, *that he shall serve Her all his Life-time*, *without hoping for more*; that is, *More from* Her Majesty: But he begins his Service well, by reflecting on *Her* Conduct, abusing *Her* Ministers, and dictating to Her Wisdom. If all this be *Irony*, I hope he will not take it Ill, if I, who have a much better Cause on my side, after resigning my Place under him as *Corn-Cutter*, express my Gratitude to him for past Favours, by rallying his Politicks, detecting his false Reasoning, and exposing his many Absurdities. *Ideas so inseparable to the Words* Richard Steele, that it is generally remark'd, no *Paper* ever yet appear'd with that *Name* in it, but some of the Beauties, just now mention'd, bore it company. What Ideas he will apply to the Words *John Smith*, I care not: However, let him complain no more for want of a *Name* to make Merry with; and I wish that pair of *Monosyllables* may do him as much good, as those belonging to his *Legislative Capacity*.

'*Your Author* has made two very unlucky Transitions; from the *Stamp-Office* to *Stockbridge*, and from representing the Wits of both Sides, as you, dear *Cob*, did the Compilers of your *Miscellanies*, to putting himself at the Head of the Worst Writers of the Worst Party of the Two, whom he mark'd not long ago with the Words *Mene Tekel*. Now he is stript of the better half of his Supporters, should the *Examiner* send his present *Paper* after the *Manes* of *Ironside*, who expir'd under his Hands; the World would take it ill, that the *Englishman*, the best Name he could borrow, unless he had assum'd the *Britain*, should carry with it the worst Character. I question not but he will extol his *new Dramatick Person* to the Skies, as he did *Bickerstaffe*, *Spec*, *Ironside*, and the *Lion*, till he comes to subscribe *Richard Steele*, and then tho' he Tricks the World into a little Honour, he is but one remove off from the Scandal of being his own Herald. How much better does the *Lion* in *Shakespear*, who tho' *he roar'd like any Nightingale*, yet plainly tells the good Company, *He is no Lion*, *but honest* Snug *the Joiner*.

'Twas well taken of *Your Author*, that he resented the Imputation of *Trading in other People's Mirth*; but he comes off it by the worst *Metaphor* in the World. He would insinuate, *That he only keeps a Librarian*, *and has plac'd his Books*, *as Usurers do their Money*, *in good Hands*. This is a fine Complement to his generous Assistants! It seems, all the Wit they sent him was his own, before he had it; taken out of his *Books*, a part of his *Library*, and as much the Receiver's Property, as Money plac'd out in other Hands. But how unfair was it to get a Character in Bank from the Joint Contributions of both Parties, and then Revolt to the Sharpers, and fall with his whole Neutral Stock upon the fair Gamesters, that he might crush them at once! Just so the *Whigs* rais'd Taxes both upon *Trade* and *Land*, and then dishonourably play'd their whole Force upon that Interest of the Two, which lent them most Strength, and were their best Benefactors. All the while this Creature, this honest *Jago*, talks of *Grace*, and pretends to Appeal from the *Examiner*'s Papers to his *Heart* and *Conscience*, both very well known to *Your Author*. If the *Examiner* had not wrote according to his Conscience, he had never been so formidable to *Your Author's Party*, who have now sent out their *Goliah* against him. What Conscience will *Your Author* Vote by, and yet keep in Favour with the *Whigs*? But this is a way of Arguing, made use of by small Divines, instead of a better. The *Examiner*, I dare swear, will never Appeal to *Your Author*'s Conscience; and tho' *Your Author* seems to be *Sorry for his Vices*, yet he cannot help Flattering himself a little, because their *Compleat History* is not yet come out; and because a degenerate Age has *consider'd them with Indulgence*. I am concerned he should acknowledge a Complement from the *Examiner* no better. His Vices first recommended him, and will make him Useful; but the *Examiner* has no need to apply to the Town for those *Indulgencies* Your *Author* hath, it seems, been honour'd with. The *Whigs* cannot do a more silly Thing than to Father any of their Faults upon him, when his Party have no occasion for them.

'It is very kind in *Your Author*, to wish *The* Examiner *were employ'd in better Business*, and to impute that Misfortune to *want of Grace*. He can do no less than wish in his Turn, that *Your Author* had no occasion to turn *Parliament-Man*, and threaten us with his *Conscience*. I believe he is disoblig'd; and he seems to complain of a *Lord's Impudent Servants*; but I can say nothing to him, till he is pleased to mention Particulars. We *Corn-Cutters*, are oftner at the Feet of Great Men, than our Betters.

'*Your Author* breaks out into a very pathetick Remonstrance; *You see*, *my Lord*, says he, *how he Treats us Senators!* I remember a Reply made by Sir *James of the Peke* to a *late great Minister*, upon his complaining of the Freedoms taken by some Writers; *You see*, my *Lord*, *those Fellows do not spare Us*, *who are the Nation's best Friends*.

'Tho' *Your Author* is like to enter the *Senate*, just as his Friend *Cato* did before him, yet, one would think, he might have been a little kinder to the *Whole Body*, than the *Examiner* was to a single Member. He is afraid he shall be put to Encounter *Lords Servants and Livery-Men there*; and says, *He has march'd with Fifty thousand valiant Men*, *but never was in Company with Five hundred wise Ones*. This Comparison, between an *Army* and a *Senate*, might be thought to have a little serious Malice in it, did it not turn altogether upon a scurvy *Quibble*. *He*, *who marches with a* brave Army, *may not be* Valiant, *any more than he*, *who sits in a wise* Parliament, *is therefore a* good Politician. But I hope *Your Author* will not set himself up, as a remarkable Instance of such undeniable Truths. Allow him one *Quibble* more, and the *Examiner* shall be Friends with him, for all his awkward Anger in the *Three* preceding *Pages*: Accordingly he takes his Leave in a *Gasconade*; which, if the World understood as well as himself, would infallibly secure him his Place in Parliament. *In the House*, says he, *and as a Member*, *I am accountable to no Man*; *but the greatest Man in* England *is accountable to me*; and so, *my Lord*, *Your humble Servant*, &c. Somewhat of a less *Cunundrum* will set this Matter in a true Light. *No Man in* England *is accountable to the Commons*, *but as a House*; *and that way every Member*, your Author and all, *are accountable to one another*. An *Unaccountable Commoner* would indeed be a stranger Creature, than *Your Author*; and not fit *to be handled*, either *within Doors* or *without*: Both the *Least* and *Greatest Man in* England ought to have a care of him; but of all Mankind, *the Auditor of the Imprest* to Mr. *Buckley*'s Printing-House, would do well to keep far enough out of his way.

I am, Dear Cob,

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN SMITH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Poll of the Livery-Men of the City of London, at the Election for Members of Parliament. Begun Monday, October the 9th, 1710. and ended the Saturday following. Shewing who each Person Poll'd for. The Names of those that did not Poll. Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. Price 1s.

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